

APRIL 1939

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK, APRIL 17-23

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PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
and THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION
SOCIETY** ~~~~~

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 4

If military and naval experts cannot agree as to the present need for enormous additional expenditures for armaments, what is the average citizen to think?

Our present national military and naval expenses, \$1,250,000,000, mean a tax equivalent to \$9.59 for each man, woman and child in the United States. What of the future?

During these years when brutal war is threatening the very existence of humanity, and hatred, suspicion, fear are spreading like a plague among the nations, is the great cause of animal welfare going to suffer with every other good cause that depends upon justice and good will? Men and animals live together, prosper together, suffer together.

From a Chicago newspaper comes a clipping to the effect that a leading packing company was host to eight boys who were taken through the abattoir. The report says that the boys were shown through the entire works by a guide. They saw the animals slaughtered. At the conclusion of the tour, a luncheon of ham and other tasty meats was provided for them but every member refused the food. The excuse was "a growing weakness in the stomach."

Word from Superintendent Delon, of the American Fondouk in Fez, is most gratifying and a remarkable evidence of the influence of the Fondouk in that part of Morocco.

Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will remember that the use of hot irons on animals in the East has been most common for generations, for lameness and other troubles from which horses and mules have suffered. Utterly useless as a remedy, cruel almost beyond expression, it is still too common; but here is the gratifying message from Mr. Delon:

"Following the letter I have sent to the Government Commissaire with the reports of our two veterinarians, orders have been given the Prevost des Marchands to forbid completely the use of hot irons in the treatment of animals as well as men."

A Break for the Show-Horse

UNDER this title, the widely-known horse paper, *The Spur*, published in February a long and deeply interesting article in which every real lover of the horse will rejoice. It seems to us *The Spur* cannot be commended too highly for facing the serious problem of the horse with the set-up tail, in view of the opposition *The Spur* must meet on the part of saddle-horse breeders and owners who are guilty of perpetuating that absurd and cruel practice in the name of fashion.

Some of our readers may remember that at the National Horse Show last November in Madison Square Garden, Mrs. Fitch Gilbert offered a \$2,000 prize for three-gaited saddle-horses with natural tails—that is, horses never subjected to the vicious operation which produces the plumed or waterfall tail. In the past the saddle-horse with natural tail has had little chance in the show ring, because he has been deprived of winning blue ribbons against the horse whose tail has been cruelly disfigured to meet the demand of the show ring.

The article in *The Spur* opens with the following words:

"The horse-show world seethes with the old discussion of set-up tails. Let's drag it into the open for examination. Here are the reactions of a noted horseman."

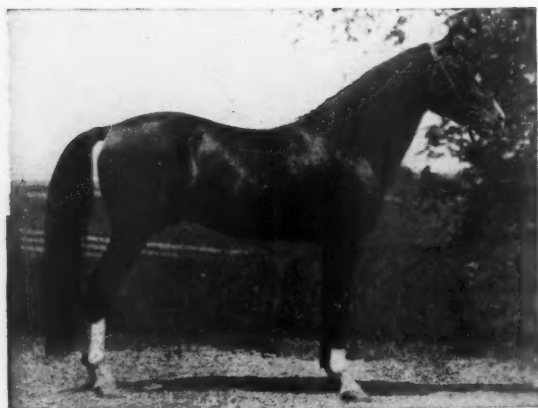
That the tail set is a deliberate cruelty is frankly stated. Over and over again those guilty of this offense against nature and humaneness make the statement that the operation is relatively slight, causes very little suffering, and means nothing of torture or misery to the horse. If anyone wants to know how false such a statement is he should read, in *The American Saddle Horse*, recently published at Louisville, Kentucky, the directions for performing the operation, by Mr. Earl Farshler. This advocate of the waterfall tail does not hesitate to say that the "veterinarian performing the operation should use some narcotic to deaden the pain, then he should completely sever the two lower muscles in the horse's tail close to where it comes out of the back. He then should tie an antiseptic compress

over the wound. About one hour later the tie holding the compress should be cut, but the compress itself not removed until about two hours later."

He continues: "With a clean wad of cotton, carefully soak the wound to break up the blood clots in each hole. Keep this up until it bleeds all it will, then adjust the tail. Here again, every precaution should be taken. Every hair must be pulled out from under and around the tail, and plenty of clean, loose cotton used in the crupper. This must be drawn tight enough to prevent the leaders, which have been cut, from knitting, but not tight enough to cause the horse to cramp his tail or to fight the crupper. The side straps should be snug but not too tight. The wound should be swabbed out every morning and evening after the operation until it will finally bleed no more. However, the tail set should always be readjusted twice daily.

"The crupper should always be loosened at least two holes at night in order that the horse can get his rest. It should be raised again every morning but it should never be made so tight that it causes the horse to cramp his tail. The horse must wear the crupper all through the show season in this way unless, for some special reason, one decides to remove it for a single day to allow the animal to rest better. Remember that the horse cannot use his tail to switch flies and they trouble him terribly. He should be kept in a stall in which there are tail boards so that it is impossible for him to rub his tail."

The writer of the article to which we have referred, without question, knows what he is talking about or his article would not have been accepted by *The Spur*. He says, after reading some of the details of the operation, that "the reaction to the description of how to perform the operation gives me more than a reaction of horror, and my feeling is not allayed when I realize that one operation is not always sufficient. Some horses undergo the ordeal many times, and there is at least one attested case in which the cutting was done nineteen different times." He concludes by saying



LOOK HERE ON THIS PICTURE—



AND ON THIS

that he looks forward "with keenest anticipation to the day when we will see every saddle-horse class in the country filled with horses carrying natural tails. Then we may have the satisfaction of knowing that not one of those brilliant, sensitive satellites of the show world will leave the ring to find waiting in its stall harness resembling some device of the Spanish Inquisition."

We were fortunate in Massachusetts to secure the first law making it illegal to perform this act or to show a horse upon which the operation was made after the law went into effect. A somewhat similar law exists in New York State, and the attitude taken by this most reputable horse paper, *The Spur*, seems to promise a reopening of the subject which, Heaven grant, will ultimately mean the end of this cruel, senseless, unnatural practice.

On this page we show two pictures—one of a horse as Nature made him, and the other of a horse subjected to the demands of a cruel fashion.

A Square Deal for Animals

HARLANDE E. FITCH

DAVE COLVILLE'S life was dominated by his love for horses. So far as anyone knows that was the only love in his life. With hard-earned money he put more than two thousand copies of that matchless story, "Black Beauty," into the public schools, hoping to implant in the hearts of the young a great love and kindness toward animals.

Dave satisfied his boyhood dream by raising horses all his life and in his later years he owned a large ranch and hundreds of horses in Alberta. He could not bear to see a horse suffer abuse of any kind and would rather let his stock run wild on the range and bring him no profit than sell them to anyone who would misuse them.

It is well nigh impossible to break range horses without some rough handling but Dave had spent his life thinking out ways to accomplish that end without hurting them. He had a complicated apparatus for throwing a horse that would let him down easy. He had springs on the ends of the traces to take the jar off the shoulders. He used patent adjustable collars, comfortable bits and every new device that was designed to make a horse's labor easier.

Branding was an evil he could not avoid, but he used a simple iron that would make the least burn.

He deplored the terrific strain a fear-crazed animal undergoes in trying to dislodge his rider, and would not keep a hired man who would make a horse buck or allow him to do so if it could be prevented. Usually a wild horse is made to buck until he is completely exhausted when he will soon surrender, but Dave had a different system. As soon as the mount began bucking he would distract his attention and the animal would soon quiet down. It took more time but in the end kindness won.

He had a big gentle horse he used to break colts with. Every colt when a year and a half old was hitched to a wagon with "Old Prince" and driven half an hour, Prince, of course, pulling the load. The colt was then turned back on the range and though he might not be handled again until four years old he never quite forgot that first lesson and could be broken with less violence.

Dave was always a light sleeper. On one occasion he awakened at three o'clock and glancing out of the window saw the sky lighted up by a prairie fire, and on a hill, standing out in bold relief against the red glare, was a mare with a young colt. In front of them was a wire fence and behind them a wall of fire. His ranch was in grave danger but he rescued the animals first and then back-fired in time to save his buildings.

After suffering the ravages of pneumonia one winter Dave was compelled to seek a warmer climate. He sold his ranch and all his horses save Old Prince, who had helped him break seven hundred ambitious colts and was now seventeen years old. Prince must have a good home but no one should have him for a price. He offered to give him to someone who would agree not to work him hard, but the settlers had too much hard work to take him on such terms. Finally he found a man who was naturally so slow and easy-going that he never worked his own stock strenuously and there Prince found a home.

Dave located in the heart of Old Mexico and was soon gathering livestock about him again when he suddenly disappeared, supposedly at the hands of Mexican bandits. His fate remains a mystery but many a horse will know better treatment because of the influence of the books he put in the public schools.

The Single-footer

KADRA MAYSI

*A singlefoot is the gayest gait
That ever a horse can do.
It is made for ways where dogwood sprays
Are white and violets blue;
It is meant for spring, with its rippling ring
Of hooves like a dancer's shoe.*

*A trot is well for park parade
And a canter for road or row,
And pace and rack for the tanbark track
When the gaited classes show;
But, a single's gay for a woodland way
Where the wild azaleas grow.*

*A gallop is sweet for the open field
When dawn is cold with dew;
And rack and pace and trot have place—
But I learned, when I rode with you,
That a singlefoot is the gayest gait
That ever a horse can do!*

Sanctuary for the Burro

C. A. SCHEINERT

What would the old-time prospector have done without his faithful burro? He went where a horse could not travel, withstood untold hardships, did his best always, and had a big part in the upbuilding of the West. On the Mexican border I have known burros to sell for as little as 25 cents, "American." A fair price on the desert seems to be two dollars.

Although many are still working steadily where automobiles and airplanes cannot supplant them, the burro seems to have had his "day." As need for them ceased many were turned loose, given their freedom in the desert and mountains. Forming into bands, they reverted to the primitive, became "wild." In Arizona men have hunted them down for their meat, wreaking such havoc with the wild bands that the people protested and the State legislature finally passed a law forbidding this hunting, giving the burros the protection of the state.

The movement to give burros sanctuary is spreading, and the California, Colorado, New Mexico and Texas legislatures have or have had recently similar bills under consideration, giving protection to this worthy pioneer and trusted comrade of the old-timers. Hunters had better not mistake a burro for a mule-deer!

Reverie

RUTH STIRLING BAUER

*Wouldn't the fields seem lonely
If through the grasses sweet
No wild things went exploring
On tiny silent feet?*

*Wouldn't the wood be silent
If we walked and never heard
The rustle of the branches,
The singing of a bird?*

*Wouldn't the hills and valleys
Be somehow cold and bare
Without the flowers growing
And cattle grazing there?*

*Wouldn't the world be empty
If we should stand and call
And there should be no answer
From creature great or small?*

Safety in Colors

MILDRED D. CREHAN

NATURE dipped her paint brush into pots of brilliant color when she painted the fire-bellied toad, the blister beetle, the robin, the rainbow fish and many other creatures. Their exciting colors may or may not be responsible, but most highly-colored creatures are an unsatisfactory source of food. They are quite distasteful, even to animals. Instead of "safety in numbers," their motto seems to be Safety in Colors.

A bright scarlet waistcoat was Nature's gift to the fire-bellied toad. The little fellow is so unpalatable no animal will attempt to eat him if the creature is aware that his prospective meal is a fire-bellied toad. The smart toad seems to realize that his flaming vest is an asset and if he finds himself in danger, he bends his head and the rear part of his body as far back as possible, displaying his scarlet costume. He even twists his arms and legs so that the under parts of each are visible because they, too, are crimson in color. He doesn't move or try to hop away, he merely relies upon his flame-colored vestments to discourage his foes.

Blister beetles and robins are brightly-colored creatures that are seldom, if ever, captured for the sake of providing an appetizing meal for another hungry animal.

The tiny rainbow fish is a creature of dazzling colors, but quite unfit for human consumption. The rainbow has formed a queer alliance with the sea anemone. The anemone is as ugly as the rainbow fish is beautiful. He resembles a large burlap bag with a huge, gaping mouth. When the tiny rainbow attracts the attention of another fish, the cunning creature darts quickly into the anemone's huge mouth. The unwary pursuer follows and Mr. Anemone has an appetizing fish supper. The little rainbow is never damaged by his encounter with the cavernous interior of the anemone and when there is no longer any danger, he comes out of his hiding-place and sets out to lure another tempting morsel to his friend, the anemone.

...

Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.

Pity the Poor Possum

LEE G. CRUTCHFIELD, JR.

OF all the nocturnal wanderers of the woods of this country, there is one who for his quaintness of habit and inoffensiveness of disposition deserves particular mention. Call him Opossum, if you want to be absolutely, inescapably correct, with no chance of having the charge of inaccuracy hurled at you, or just plain possum if you live down in Dixie. But he's the same creature with or without.

He has none of the churlishness of the skunk, or the bloodthirstiness of the weasel.

he likes to travel around the persimmon trees. He climbs up into the tree and eats his fill. And now men with big dogs come looking for him. Sometimes he can get down and hide in a hollow in a huge oak tree or in the roots under a giant pine. Then, sometimes, he is safe. Sometimes, though, men come with huge axes and chop his tree down, or dig him out from under his pine roots with picks and shovels, and carry him home. Sometimes the dogs get him, and then he is unlucky indeed. But if the



MOTHER OPOSSUM WITH FOUR OF HER YOUNG HITCH-HIKERS
ON HER BACK (Taken in North Carolina)

He is more on the order of the coon. In fact, he is like lots of animals. He favors a pig, with his long snout. And he is like a kangaroo. At any rate, the mother opossum carries her young in a pouch, just like the mother kangaroo carries her youngsters. That is, until they are too large for the pocketbook. Then they like to ride on her back, like so many furry little hitch-hikers thumbing their way down the road. The mother doesn't seem to mind, but goes about her foraging with renewed energy, now that she has trailers to supply food to.

All of us have heard the expression "playing possum," and that's what this smart little animal does at times. He knows he cannot run as fast as a big dog, for example, or fight as fiercely as a cat; or burrow in the ground like a mole. So what does he do? When he is in danger, he lies low, and says nothing. He has found out that sometimes when people see how still he lies, and how quiet he is, they may take their eyes off for a moment. And then is when he will come to life. Then he will roll over, look around, and scuttle away into the undergrowth.

When the frost comes in the autumn, and all the grasshoppers and crickets are gone,

men catch him, he is always on the lookout for the time when they are watching something else, so he can sneak away. Too bad, though, if he is caught near a cabin. Then he is likely to end up on the table, roasted. He makes a rich, if rather fat meal.

He's known all through the South, in song and story, in Virginia, Carolina, Georgia, all over the place, near cities, near towns in thickly populated farming sections. In winter, he likes to curl up in a hollow tree well upholstered with dried leaves, and sleep during the day. Sometimes at night he will roll out and go hunting food.

How much better it would be if we could let this funny little fellow with his happy, foolish grin; his funny habit of playing dead; his trick of riding his children on his back, or having Mamma carry them in her pocket; who never does any harm to us; go on about his nightly rambles without chasing him with big bellowing hounds, and serving him up all garnished with sweet potatoes! How much more fun we would have if we went after him with a camera, loaded with films, instead of a gun loaded with shot! For he is a comical little clown of the woods and, like all clowns, he is much more amusing *alive* than *dead*!

Buck in Snow

HARRY ELMORE HURD

*Upon a hill—
Within a wood—
Watchful . . . still . . .
A young buck stood.*

*He bounded down
With speed of light—
A flash of brown
And flagging white.*

*Hoofs in snow
Made mimic thunder:
Now I know
The theme of wonder.*

Careful Driving in Game Districts

HENRY H. GRAHAM

WITH the motoring and vacation season approaching thousands of motorists will throng the highways of our national parks, national forests and game preserves. And, as usual, many animals will be struck down and seriously, if not fatally, injured. Every year many lovable creatures are killed by contact with automobiles.

This year is a good time to start being more careful—to give some serious thought to the forest creatures that have as good a right to live as human beings do. Most roads have speed limits but many motorists fail to observe them. They hurry through the most beautiful regions when slow, leisurely driving is infinitely more pleasurable, enabling themselves and passengers to enjoy the scenery and whatever wild life may appear. If there was ever a place where one should drive slowly it is the great mountain wilderness inhabited by bears, deer, beavers and other quadrupeds.

When protected by the establishment of

game refuges deer often become very tame and friendly. They are commonly seen close to the roads as well as actually on them. When a motorist swings rapidly around a curve and runs into such animals tragedy is often the result. Sometimes the car is wrecked and the driver as well as the deer injured or even killed.

One night while driving up a lonely wooded gulch to my summer cabin I saw seven deer ahead of me directly in the road. Had I been driving rapidly a crash would have been inevitable. As it was, I cruised slowly around the animals which did not even move at my approach, showing how tame they were.

On another occasion I saw a dark shape in the glare of the car lights ahead of me after rounding a bend. Drawing nearer I discovered the creature to be a full-grown beaver that was towing across the thoroughfare a good-sized quaking aspen tree he had evidently just chewed down on a neighboring hillside. Driving slowly, I was able to miss the beaver easily. Lights often blind animals.

Let us all give the wild and domestic animals a break by driving sanely at all times. In so doing we will also be giving ourselves a break—instead of a broken neck.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

A Twin White Fawn

LLOYD G. INGLES, PH.D

IF black-tail deer were only capable of human thoughts and reactions it would indeed be interesting to hear what an old doe had to say about her newly born babies last spring. They were both females, twins, and both albino, which suggests that even these twins may be the rare identical kind. We can imagine her exclaiming, "Twin fawns without spots."

Born in a woods of great Valley Oaks near the Sacramento River in California, these fawns were the first white deer seen in this part of the country for over thirty years. Like many other albino animals they frequently have poor eyesight and because they are so conspicuous are generally considered to be easy prey for all of their enemies including hunters. In order to preserve them as long as possible wild life authorities granted the rancher who found the youngsters permission to take and keep them about his home. Unfortunately, one soon died, but the other rapidly adapted itself to its new environment of cattle, sheep, pigs and humans, and after six months of life is hale and hearty. It is indeed the pet of the ranch. Thus it was easily photographed at close range.



LIKE NEARLY ALL THE OTHER ALBINOS, THE WHITE DEER IS VERY CONSPICUOUS EVEN IN ITS NATIVE WOODS

When Collies Went to Church

ARTHUR HEDLEY

ONE day when preaching in the bonnie Borderland of Scotland, a dog found its way into church much to the amazement and amusement of the young people; not feeling at home in such surroundings, doggie quickly trotted out to roam with pleasure in the streets.

Some hundred and fifty years ago, however, Scotch collies felt just as much at home in the Church as in the cottage. The Border shepherds encased in their plaids went to church accompanied by their dogs in all sorts of weather. The floors were practically earthen and the dogs would enter with their masters and either sit in the aisle or by their master's side in the pew. Their behavior at times was rather irreverent and disconcerting, for there were frequent quarrels which often ended in a fierce dog fight. On the slightest growl from one the remainder would prick up their ears; if a couple fell out it was the signal for a general scrap. The rest that were prowling about, or half asleep at their master's feet, would rush out to join in the conflict. Then, as the strife waxed fierce and furious, the noise would become so deafening that the voice of the minister would be drowned and he would be compelled to pause. Two or three shepherds would have to leave their places and use their nibbles (shepherd's crooks) unmercifully before the dogs were silenced and the service of the sanctuary would be resumed.

The singing of the Psalms seemed to make a great appeal to the shepherds' collies. James Hogg—a famous Border shepherd-poet—says of his own dog, "Hector," that when he heard his master's voice in the Psalms a great commotion followed. "He fell in with such overpowering vehemence that he and I seldom got any to join in the music but our two selves. The shepherds hid their heads and laid down on the seats wrapped in their plaids and the lasses looked down to the ground and laughed till their faces grew red." Of Hector's father, "Sirrah," Hogg said: "Many a good song, Psalm and tune was he the cause of spoiling: for when he was fairly set to—at which he was not slack—the voices of his coadjutors had no chance with his." Sirrah had to be banished from family worship to the kitchen. If they forgot to shut him up securely he would steal into the room and when the Psalm was sung would join in with such zeal that no other voice could be heard. Sometimes when his master was too weary to stay up for evening worship he would go to bed, taking the dog with him. Sirrah was quite content to lie in a corner of the loft, but only until he heard the singing begin, when he would lie with his ear to the door and on a low note growl his own praises to the Creator.

The collies were recognized as a section of the congregation and the closing arrangements were made in reference to them. When the elders went round with the collection ladles the dogs would rouse themselves and, to prevent their barking the congregation would remain seated while the blessing was pronounced. The

rising of the shepherds was attended by a "perfect storm of barking, a general canine jubilee." A clergyman from a distance who one day officiated, was struck with the seeming irreverence of the congregation sitting during the benediction. It was explained to him that it was to "cheat the dogs."

An Elizabethan dog in church is enshrined in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Woodstock." This was an enormous mastiff called "Bevis," belonging to Sir Henry Lee. He saved his master while asleep when his Italian valet attempted to rob him. Concerning Sir Henry's attendance at the thanksgiving service at Woodstock Parish Church after the Battle of Worcester, Scott wrote of him: "followed by the faithful mastiff which in old time had saved its master by its fidelity and which regularly followed him to Church. Bevis, indeed, fell under the proverb which avers, He is a good dog which goes to Church. For, save an occasional temptation to warble . . . he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them."

Probably many readers can recall interesting and amusing incidents associated with dogs in attendance at Divine worship, so faithful are dogs to their masters that they are prepared to follow them anywhere and wait patiently till their duties, or devotions, are finished. In bygone days the Scotch collies needed great patience, seeing that on special occasions services would last over three hours. We think of "Greyfriars' Bobby" who was faithful even unto death. For fourteen years this Skye terrier, though regularly turned out by day, spent every night on the grave of his master, the Midlothian farmer Gray.

Step-father "Jack"

MARGARET NICKERSON MARTIN

YOU wouldn't know about old Jack unless you lived on Webb street or visited there occasionally. Jack is dead now. Someone killed him the other day, with a car. He was fifteen and getting a little deaf. He moved slowly; and there are those who do not understand about dogs.

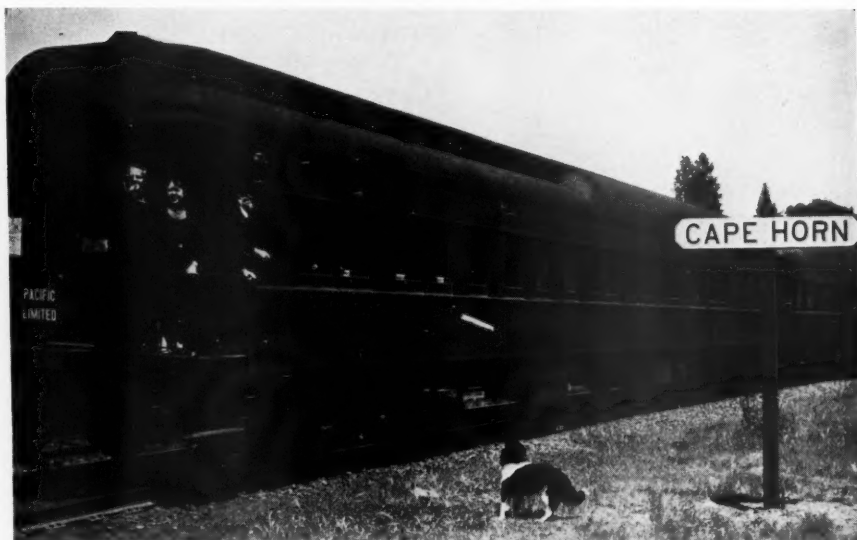
Jack was no ordinary dog, for his great passion in life was—kittens! Mother cat kept him supplied more or less regularly all the years of her life and each succeeding family of kittens was treated with the same untiring devotion. They soon learned that the huge monster who towered above them meant them no harm and soon tumbled over him in utter abandon, much to his delight. With patient watchfulness and ever-ready tongue he performed his matronly chores until each kitten emerged sleek and wet. He'd coax them then to sleep beneath his chin and would lie motionless as long as they slept.

When the kittens were awake, his lumbering anxiety for their welfare and safety was comical to behold. He shepherded them all day long and was only completely happy when they were all snuggled into his thick coat. He spent much of his life bringing up one family of kittens after another and not even advancing age dampened his ardor or curbed his watchfulness. He was the perfect kindly step-father.

Jack was a neighborhood character and

The Railway Dog of Cape Horn

HOWARD KEGLEY



"PICININ," MEETING THE PACIFIC LIMITED TO CATCH A BUNDLE OF PAPERS, ATTRACTS ATTENTION OF DELIGHTED PASSENGERS

IF a dog could sing, "Picinin" probably would go around humming "I've Been Working on the Railroad" all the livelong day. He is one of the few hitchhikers to land a lifetime job.

Out to see the world, he bummed his way from Roseville, California, to Cape Horn, an isolated way station on the Southern Pacific, in American River canyon. At that point he was put off the train. Only one family lived there, but it seemed like a nice family, so Picinin moved right in, and has since been in charge of its intelligence bureau.

Cape Horn is five miles up the road from Colfax, and not a great way from Emigrant Gap, in the High Sierras. No trains stop there, and the only inhabitants are Bart Speranza, the section foreman, Mrs. Speranza, and a few members of the section gang.

Because of atmospheric interference radio reception at Cape Horn is almost out of the question and so, in order to keep in touch with the outside world the Speranzas

arranged with the crews of the many overland trains, which ran right through, to throw off a wide variety of magazines and newspapers which passengers leave in the seats of the coaches.

Mrs. Speranza, who was a school teacher before her marriage several years ago, used to meet the trains and pick up the bundles of reading matter which were flung from the platforms of observation cars by conductors and brakemen, but as soon as Picinin arrived he quickly discovered that his life work had already been cut out for him, so he took over the job.

For a couple of years he has been meeting several trains a day and hurrying the bundles of reading matter home to Mrs. Speranza. One might say that, because of this, he is a trained dog, and if looking at pictures in magazines is educational one might even say he is a well-educated canine. He has developed so much self-control that Mrs. Speranza can send him down to the butcher shop at Colfax to bring back a roast for Sunday dinner.

all childhood loved him. The placid wave of his plumed tail was the signal for a delighted shout of, "Here, Jack. Here, Jack!"

Now Jack has passed to his reward. To the place of many bones. Where kittens do not grow up and mysteriously disappear from one's ken. Where the days are full of sunshine and the nights are not so warm but that a kitten might want to cuddle comfortably beneath one's chin; where faint winds bring scent of home and dreams of the master's whistle.

Rhinoceros birds perch on the backs of rhinoceroses or other big game, devouring the ticks and insects that annoy the beast. Egrets do the same for elephants, and beef-eater birds perform a similar service for buffalo. Plovers remove leeches from the teeth and gums of crocodiles as they lie in their wallows, with wide-open mouths.

Dickens Among His Dogs

James T. Fields, in his delightful "Yesterday with Authors," describes his experiences as a guest of Charles Dickens at Gadshill, and gives us this insight to Dickens' love of animals:

Lunch over, we were taken round to see the dogs, and Dickens gave us a rapid biographical account of each as we made acquaintance with the whole colony. One old fellow . . . raised himself up and laid his great black head against Dickens' breast as if he loved him. All were spoken to with pleasant words of greeting, and the whole troop seemed wild with joy over the master's visit. "Linda" put up her shaggy paw to be shaken at parting; and as we left the dog-houses, our host told us some amusing anecdotes of his favorite friends.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

APRIL, 1939

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Our Wild Big-Game Life

FROM a report issued by the Bureau of Biological Survey on the Big-Game Inventory of the United States, in 1937, here are a few facts that may be of interest. The figures represent wild animals in the national forests, national parks, lands of the Division of Grazing, and state and private lands. The figures are not absolutely accurate but are carefully estimated.

In these various refuges there are

- 3,181,675 White-tailed deer
- 1,271,196 Mule deer
- 231,905 Columbian black-tailed deer
- 24 Woodland caribou
- (Of these, 15 were found in Maine, 3 in Minnesota, 6 in Washington. Six of these were found in national forests and 18 in state and private lands.)
- 165,764 Elk
- 13,346 Moose
- 131,555 Prong-horned antelopes
- 9,933 Rocky Mountain bighorn goats
- 7,020 Desert bighorn goats
- 13,267 Mountain goats
- 725 European wild boar
- 81,270 Black bear
- 1,108 Grizzly bear
- 4,101 American bison or buffalo

Less than twenty years ago, the report says, leading conservationists predicted that the prong-horned antelope would join the list of extinct native animals. Thanks to the wise federal and state protective measures, the antelope today has well passed this danger. No longer, also, can the American bison be referred to as having "gone the way of the buffalo."

A further statement says that while some big-game species have responded to protective measures, an examination of available data shows a serious situation with regard to others, especially the bighorn sheep, mountain goat, grizzly bear, moose and caribou. Measures being taken by national and state agencies, backed by public support, may improve the situation within the next twenty years as has been done in the last twenty for the elk, deer, antelope and buffalo. Public support must certainly back up these various efforts to preserve in national forests and state and private lands, the nation's wild life.

About the Used Stamps

FOR a few used stamps we could get nothing. For a large quantity, enough in time to endow a kennel for some unfortunate dog or cat. For foreign used stamps, if separated from the domestic ones, always much more. Just tear off the stamp, leaving a half inch or more of the envelope with it. Of course, stamps that are printed on the envelope, and can never be separated from the envelope, are of no value.

The real place to find rare stamps is up in the attic or in some old chest where the correspondence of the years before 1880 may have been preserved. If you find one of those stamps and are willing to send it, please send the entire envelope without detaching the stamp.

The Problem of the Crow

In certain of our states this clever bird is fast becoming a problem. The Bureau of Biological Survey has just issued a study of the situation in Oklahoma, in sections of which state the crow has marshaled his forces in almost unbelievable numbers. With an acreage of 70,067 square miles, it is estimated the crow population is somewhere between 3,000,000 and 3,750,000. In one county alone, Grady, it is said that the annual loss from the crows feeding upon the crops must be in the neighborhood of \$18,372. This loss, however, the Biological Survey has not deemed sufficient to warrant combined state and federal action.

Nothing is said, so far as we can discover, by this Survey of the good the crow does in the destruction of annoying insects. That he does, to a certain degree, help the farmer must be put to his credit. Sometimes man in trying to destroy one evil has let himself in for a worse one.

Finding Out What's So

Science has done many wonderful things. When it confronts us with an actual undeniable fact, we have to accept its utterance no matter how it upsets our previous convictions. Still, sometimes it seems to discover something that we all knew long before. For example, a New York correspondent, referring to a series of experiments on rats by a professor of psychology in the University of Michigan, which finally led the rats to "have nervous breakdowns," writes to his New York paper:

"Science has again proved triumphantly and irrefutably that it is able, by means of a patient and complicated experiment, to discover something that everyone knew all along."

It seems as if one might have argued from the fact that since if we humans fret over insoluble problems we have a nervous breakdown—something which we all know—it might have been inferred that rats might easily be affected in the same way.

Chateaubriand, after one of his unfortunate experiences in losing his money and being fired from the court, went back to his home carrying his beautiful pair of cats, and said to them, "The time for playing the great lady is over. Now you will have to think about catching mice."

New Bills in Parliament

THE Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, England, announces it has seven Bills on behalf of animals that it is attempting to secure at the hands of Parliament, as follows

- (1) To increase the number of horse inspectors in coal mines and to limit the hours of work for the ponies.
- (2) To prevent the docking and nicking of horses' tails.
- (3) To prohibit the sale of plumage which may not be brought into the country legally.
- (4) To prohibit the training and exhibition of certain animals.
- (5) To forbid the possession of any bird trained for cock-fighting and the possession of any instrument or appliance used for cock-fighting.
- (6) To prohibit the hunting of captive animals raised for that purpose, and so to stop rabbit coursing and the hunting of carted deer.
- (7) To protect dogs from painful experimentation.

That is a brave list. We wish the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals every possible success.

We Have Come a Long Way Since Then

"Buck and Doe Days" at one time took place annually at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on 25th January and 29th June. On the first date, commemorating the conversion of St. Paul, a doe was led through the cathedral and presented before the altar. On 29th June a buck was brought by a huntsman to the church, and received at the altar steps by the canons wearing special vestments and red rose wreaths upon their heads. After presentation at the altar the buck was taken out and slaughtered. Head and antlers were removed, fastened to a pole, then carried through the main entrance of the cathedral, and out of the west door. The huntsman then blew his horn to announce to the public the death of the buck.

It is probable that the offering of the deer had its origin in a custom associated with the worship of Diana, goddess of hunting, whose shrine stood on the site where St. Paul's is now. A stag was also taken before the altar at Durham Priory, accompanied by the blowing of hunting horns, on 4th September. —*The Animals' Friend*

Friendly Neighbors

The *Jewish Advocate* recently, after a stormy night, printed the following:

Those of us who have pets, cats and dogs of which we are fond, would do well to see to it that these animals are not locked out on these cold nights. The friendly warmth of the house is a real necessity for these creatures when winter winds howl and the snow or hail comes down with driving force. Any one who has seen one of the creatures huddling pitifully against a locked door will understand the pain and suffering caused.

Observe Be Kind to Animals Week April 17 to 22; and Humane Sunday, April 23.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road
Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue
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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Ch. Work Com. First Tuesday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C. KIRKE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT T. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas. Second Thursday.

MONTHLY REPORT OF MASS. S. P. C. A.

Miles traveled by humane officers..	14,136
Cases investigated	346
Animals examined	3,967
Animals placed in homes.....	170
Lost animals restored to owners..	71
Number of prosecutions.....	3
Number of convictions	3
Horses taken from work.....	7
Horses humanely put to sleep....	48
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,343
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.....	51,993
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	48

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and Dispensary for Animals

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Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered 694	Cases 2,040
Operations 821	
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	
	168,920
Dispensary cases	420,802
Total	589,722

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	137
Cases entered in Dispensary	430
Operations	158

Taxes and Charitable Organizations

In view of the astonishing increase in taxes that the citizens of the United States are paying, one wonders what will be left for gifts and bequests to charitable organizations. It would be perfectly natural and right if organizations particularly interested in the care of unfortunate men, women and children, no matter what happens, should be remembered first. What, then, would be left for the societies interested in the welfare of animals?

Taxes paid last year were 40% more than in the boom year of 1929, whereas our national income was approximately 25% less than in that boom year. Interest charges alone on the federal debt are now one-quarter larger than the total federal expenditures of 25 years ago. The total taxes paid by all corporations in the country in 1936, the latest year in which reports are available, were 53% of the net income. During the past ten years the Government has collected from corporations not far from twice as much as have the stockholders. The railroads paid taxes in 1938 of more than \$340,000,000, while their deficit for that same period is estimated at \$120,000,000. Total motor vehicle-user taxes are estimated by the Automobile Manufacturers Association at \$1,158,000,000 in 1937, or more than double the total federal expenditures in 1913. Total public debt, including the federal, has mounted until now it is more than \$58,000,000,000, or about \$1,800 a family, as against \$269 in 1913.

Mark Twain once said, every man ought to live within his income if he had to borrow money to do it. Is that what we are doing?



The Springfield Mascot

THE above is a picture of "Jack," the veteran mascot of our Society's Hospital in Springfield. Jack was a stray when he came to the Hospital, but he won everyone's good will and affection and for more than seven years his duties have been divided between guarding the animal ambulance, by riding with the driver on the daily errands of mercy, and greeting newcomers at the Hospital. The picture is a copy of a portrait made by Mr. Howard Proctor, a well-known artist of animal portraits, who presented it to our Springfield branch. To Mr. Proctor we extend our hearty and sincere thanks.

The Burgess Broadcast

Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* probably noticed in the last issue that Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, the widely-known naturalist and lover of birds, was going to broadcast in the interest of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We are quoting from a letter just received from him after his first broadcast, over Station WSPR, Springfield, Massachusetts. The letter says.

"It may interest you to know that nearly one hundred feeders of birds have enrolled as 'Good Neighbors' as a result of the broadcast last Tuesday night. Fifty letters and cards were in by Thursday and many phone calls. The letter from the greatest distance came from Albany, New York. The State of Connecticut was well represented, and there was one letter from Brattleboro, Vermont, and one from Marlboro, New Hampshire."

These letters, cards and telephone calls are a genuine tribute to the fine work Mr. Burgess is doing.

Remember the free lecture by Thornton W. Burgess, famous writer of bedtime animal stories, at the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square, at 3:30 P. M. on Humane Sunday, April 23, 1939. Subject, "Friendly Folks along the Trails," illustrated with stereopticon slides and moving pictures taken by Mr. Burgess.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1939

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 1,188
Number of addresses made, 643
Number of persons in audiences, 93,918

For Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

The Other Side of the Story From Italy

IN the January issue we published a statement from a correspondent who, we believed, gave the facts as they were. At that time we said, "No new laws for the protection of animals have been passed in Italy during the last 25 years."

We have recently received from the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals a statement, from which we are glad to present a few sentences to our readers. Among the various actions taken by the Italian Government in recent years in the interest of animal welfare, the letter says, "In the year 1927 a Disposition of the Law, given by circular letter to the Prefects concerning the transportation of animals, directed that all cruelties must be avoided, and recommended the most rigorous observance of the Law." It also says that "any game or public show that might cause pain or suffering to animals was prohibited; that orders were given that in slaughtering, the method to be used should be the one that would bring death most quickly and with the least suffering." Also, "that clear orders were given to all authorities and employees of the stations and railroads to make everyone observe the humane laws concerning the transportation of animals; that on April 11th, 1931, by the expressed wish of Mussolini, a new law was passed by both Houses—the Parliament and the Senate—by which the protection of animals was declared of such importance as to require the Government to make it a national institution, and the National Fascist Society for the Protection of Animals was legally founded." Furthermore, that "circular letters of several Ministers were issued in favor of animals, two of which were from the Minister of Education, urging that the schools should give humane education the proper prepared lessons on humane subjects, to elevate the sentiments of pity, compassion and love."

We quote also the following:

"If the improvement in the treatment of animals seems slow in taking effect it is due to the difficulty that I think we find in all countries to change a long-standing mentality in the people, especially of the country places where these people really believe that animals do not feel or suffer like men, and that the only way to obtain obedience from them is the strong way—by force."

That the progress in securing the enforcement of these laws has been slow is evident from what one still sees in many of the country regions of Italy. We are glad, however, to quote from this last report.

Do You Know That

Wales and England, with 58,000 square miles, could really be hidden away in Texas, with its 265,000 square miles, and almost lost for anyone looking for them? Add Scotland and Ireland, with 120,000 square miles, and Texas would still have 87,000 square miles to the good.

The average New Englander, riding through our State of Maine, often gets the idea that there is no limit to its extent, but eight Maines could be dropped into Texas without difficulty.

A Better Day for Tulsa

READERS of *Our Dumb Animals* are more or less familiar with the indifference of the fine city of Tulsa to the welfare of animals. The dog particularly seems to have none to do him honor. The dog pound was a disgrace because of the unsanitary and miserable conditions under which it existed. From all over the country, letters of protest came in to the Chamber of Commerce and the City Commissioners until we have just learned the pressure became so great that the Chamber of Commerce has informed the City commission that something must be done to stop this publicity. Fortunately, at that moment a new Commissioner was appointed who was very much on the side of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that has been struggling long and hard for the better treatment of animals. Apparently a new dog pound is to be built, and the Tulsa Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals deserves any amount of credit for its untiring service.

New Humane Literature

"The Animal or the Child" is a two-page reprint of an editorial by Dr. Rowley, which appeared in the January issue of *Our Dumb Animals* under the title, "We Happened to Meet—." It shows that however much humane education is doing for animals, it is doing vastly more for children. This is for free circulation and a sample will be sent to any address upon application.

"1939 Humane Exercises" is an eight-page pamphlet for the use of teachers in preparing programs for Humane Day in Schools in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week (April 17-22). It contains a special message from Walter F. Downey, Commissioner of Education for Massachusetts. Price, \$1.50 per 100 copies, prepaid. Sample free to teachers and humane workers.

"For Humane Sunday" (April 23, 1939) is a two-page compilation of selections from prominent ministers and others for the use of those interested in preparing addresses suitable for church services, Sunday-schools, young people's meetings, etc. Copies will be mailed for one cent each in any quantity above five. Sample free.

For any of the above, address the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston.

Wild Life in Canadian Parks

In the fenced enclosures of Canadian national parks there are now 5,600 buffalo, 3,600 elk, 1,512 mule deer, 907 moose, 320 antelope, with smaller numbers of cattalo hybrids, Rocky Mountain goats, Rocky Mountain (big horn) sheep, white-tailed deer and yak, besides great numbers of smaller animals, says a writer in *Consolation*.

A woman once said of Joubert, friend of Chateaubriand, that he looked like a soul which had met a body by chance and tried to make the best of it.

The new bound volume of "Our Dumb Animals" for 1938, is now ready. Price \$1.00, postpaid to any address.

Annual Report of American Fondouk, Fez

Report of the Honorary Secretary

MUCH time as well as correspondence in 1938 was devoted to the arrangements of the new land. My week in Maroc last March was devoted to securing estimates for completion of works of immediate necessity—grading, fencing, connecting with original land purchased, etc., and the entire work was accomplished at the figures quoted. M. Delon's careful attention to details made a very appreciable economy. He wrote every one of the contracts and translated all the estimates, which in the case of the original purchase cost, I believe, in all about \$500.

Two-thirds of the new land is already under cultivation and will save many francs yearly now spent for forage. My visit was also timed to complete the "Matriculation" of the purchase price of land—ten years after the building of the Fondouk. This "Matriculation" Law in France is insisted upon more or less as a guaranty of good faith, and, in case of a charity, honest administration, taking the place to a certain extent of our "Registry of Deeds" in the United States. All was promptly paid, funds being furnished by Mrs. Cortland Field Bishop.

There has been a continuance of new improvements of the property throughout 1938 in the original plot as well as the new land, and I am never in Fez without much regret that all of our widely scattered subscribers cannot see for themselves the results of their generosity in the vastly improved condition of animals in general there in these ten years of the Fondouk's activities. Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) CHARLES A. WILLIAMS,
Hon. Secretary

Translation of Article Appearing in "Le Courrier de Maroc" of January 3, 1939

Mr. Charles Alvan Williams, honorary secretary of the American Fondouk at Fez, has been promoted to the grade of Officer of the Ouissam Alaouite because of the work accomplished by him in connection with the American Fondouk.

Mr. Williams, from 1914 to 1917, was secretary of the American Ambulance at Neuilly, and of the charitable organization, "Mon Soldat," receiving the silver medal of the American Red Cross.

From 1917 to 1919 he was director of the American Red Cross at Naples, for which he received the gold medal of the City of Naples and the Cross of the Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. He is also the representative in France of the American Humane Education Society and Honorary Secretary of the Committee of the American Fondouk there.

Report for January — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	46.4	
Put to sleep	16	\$ 2.50
Transportation		1.45
Daily average dogs	6.8	
Forage for same		2.80
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.		55.40
Superintendent's salary		100.00
Veterinaries' salaries		11.88
Motor ambulance upkeep		4.46
Motor bicycles upkeep		1.19
Sundries		61.97
Final matriculation of land		35.12
Actual operating expenses		\$276.77



SOUK (MARKET) NEAR BAB FTOUH, MOROCCO

One of the markets regularly inspected by the Fondouk Force at Fez

Entries: 8 horses, 13 mules, 63 donkeys.
Exits: 9 horses, 12 mules, 54 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 114 horses, 38 mules, 125 donkeys, 11 dogs, 4 cats. 13 animals transported in motor ambulance. 21 sent by police dept.
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 455 cases investigated, 5,470 animals seen, 610 animals treated, 51 animals hospitalized by us from above, 19 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed.

Extracts from the Annual Report of the Superintendent

The hard times of last winter obliged the French Government to take strong measures toward improving conditions of life for the Arabs. Every year now with the coming of the winter months and the scarcity of forage, all grains arrive at prohibitive prices for the natives to pay.

For the first time, in August we were able to buy in advance, as was done by the French Administration and the Military Intendence (at the same time and the same price), a supply of forage which we believe will prove sufficient for the last five months of 1938, and the first three months of 1939, thus maintaining our daily average of 50 large animals fully hospitalized. The cold months of October, November and December are the worst for the Natives, as so many animals become of but little use, due to malnutrition. Twice a week, in the course of my inspections on the Souks (markets) for the sale of animals, I find some for which owners ask a ridiculously small sum (but not worth more).

Thanks to the energy, the conscientiousness and the charity of Mr. Maitre, head of Municipal Services, and the three veterinarians of the Service de l'Elevage and Municipality, many important reforms have been accomplished and accepted by their united untiring interest in what the Fondouk's ambitions have been from the beginning. Due to their interest and positions, they have, with the help of the Police Dept. and of the Fondouk, instituted a system of control of all horses of the public carriages in day and night service. With the co-operation of the authorities we have also arranged to report all animals injured with hot irons to the Commissaire du Gouvernement, who can impose fines on any of

the farriers who use hot irons for treating (?) lame animals.

One of the last activities of the year 1938 was the publication of a circular in Arabic, French and English, of quotations from Islamic religious books regarding the treatment of animals. This circular has been widely distributed among the Arab authorities, schools, etc.

GUY DELON
Superintendent

Translation of Article Appearing in "Le Courrier de Maroc" of January 4, 1939, Reporting Some of the Activities of the American Fondouk, for the year 1938

Daily average of animals hospitalized	53.8
Daily average dogs in Pound—fed and cared for	6.1
Incurable animals hospitalized and humanely put to sleep	406
Animals hospitalized during the year	1,185
Animals hospitalized by our own Fondouk	745
Animals sent to us by police	234
Animals brought to us by owners	206
Number of inspections in the fondouks	5,671
Animals inspected during these visits	93,229
Animals treated during these visits	11,929
Animals sent to the American Fondouk	745
Infected pack-saddles destroyed	224
Number of outpatients	4,454
Animals transported in the American Fondouk's motor ambulance—either accident cases or those badly injured	93

The Donkey Dreams

MARJORIE HUNT PETTIT

*Little Donkey, gray and sleek,
Drowsing in the April sun,
Do you dream of Passion Week,
And that pilgrimage begun
When down the city's teeming street
A donkey passed on patient feet?*

*Little Donkey, in your eyes
There is glory—and regret;
Green the earth and blue the skies,
But your heart cannot forget
That Christ passed by, that joyous day,
Upon a donkey, small and gray.*

Gull on a Building Inland

JOHN RITCHEY

*Oh sea-lost voyager, your flight
Across the ocean of the night*

*Has ended on an island where
The waves of traffic beat the air.*

*You perch upon this cliff of stone
And watch the night come on alone.*

*The lights might be those seen at sea
And not a windowed mystery.*

*What do you seek in such a place,
Is it a word, is it a face?*

Bird of the Darkness

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

THE raven, sable-hued bird of darkness, figures in more of literature's classic pages than many another feathered creature of the air.

It has its place in the mythology and folklore of the nations, as well as in early Biblical history. The raven has the honor of being the first bird mentioned by name in the Old Testament. And it was by the ministry of the raven, of course, that Elijah was fed in his hour of need.

In the folklore of the Northmen the raven was the bird of Odin. From his celestial palace in Asgard, Odin was supposed to have sent out his two ravens to bring him daily tidings of all that was taking place in heaven and earth.

In the classical mythology of the Greeks and Romans the raven was a character of ill-omen. Succeeding writers have sustained that reputation down through the centuries. In that respect the early English dramatists and poets took the lead in lampooning this jet-black bird.

Christopher Marlowe calls it the "sad presageful raven." Shakespeare's works contain any number of similar allusions to the raven's ill-omened appearance and the many superstitions to which the bird has given rise.

On this side of the Atlantic Edgar Allan Poe is in the forefront of those writers who bespeak the bird's foreboding appearance, with his best-known poem to "The Raven."

Perhaps, after all, the raven has no one to blame but itself for this widespread belief in its ill-omened nature. Its grave manner, its sable plumage and its habit of so readily mimicking the speech of human beings certainly do not inspire any spirit of friendliness or cheerfulness.

Yet it is strange that the folklore and literature of the nations should remember the raven merely as a bird of ill-repute. Christian peoples should be rather inclined to remember it as the bird that performed the miracle of feeding Elijah. For that one friendly act alone it is deserving of a much better fate from the pens of the poets and the tongues of the tellers of folklore.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.



A NEVER-ENDING TASK TO SUPPLY
THE EVER-OPEN MOUTHS

An Ink Bath

LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON

THE English sparrow is a husky bird with a strong hold on life. A few years ago the pressman in a newspaper office left the big barrel of ink uncovered while filling the presses, and a curious English sparrow drifted into the office through a window left down from the top, flew around a few times and disappeared. Someone finally thought to look in the ink barrel, where he saw two frightened eyes and the top of a dusky head as the bird was settling into the thick black sea.

The pressman fished the victim out, took him over to the water tap and by running a slow stream over him washed off the greater part of the ink, being careful to get his wings and the body underneath clean, as printers' ink resembles glue when it dries.

The bird was then put out on a roof over a shed at the back of the office and a dish of water and bread crumbs provided for him. Late that afternoon he had flown away, as we feared to die, but all that summer the bird came back to the roof which he considered a feeding-station.

For more than a week it was easy to recognize him by the ink on his back, even when he brought his relatives to share in our generosity.

The shark is a most valuable fish. Several grades of fine leather, says *Youth's Instructor*, are made from its skin; oil similar to cod-liver oil is made from its liver; glue is made from the head and smaller fins. The larger fins are dried and sold to the Chinese, who use them as a relish. The bones are used as fertilizer, and the flesh is often eaten.

Nest-Building Birds' Human Helper

W. S. EDGAR

EVERY morning and evening on East Eighth Street in New York, a middle-aged gentleman, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a brown beard may be seen feeding the wild birds of the neighborhood. For the greater part of the year, from January to September, he may also be seen tearing cotton into shreds and blowing it into the air. This cotton is sterilized and is used by the birds as material for building their nests.

The gentleman is Dr. Attilio Mario Caccini, who is one of the medical men employed in the service of the New York Department of Health. Among other duties, he specializes in giving anti-rabies treatments to people who have been bitten by dogs. He has been a bird lover all his life and shortly after his arrival in New York from his native Italy, he saw to his regret that the sparrows in the neighborhood of his lodgings were decreasing in numbers. He began to feed them, but not with bread crumbs which he declares are difficult for the birds to digest. "That's like giving cake and pie to a nursing baby," he says. "It completely upsets their system. He gives them bird seed, suet, and a mixture of ants' eggs, grated bone and dried meat.

A few years ago, Dr. Caccini, who has remained unmarried, decided that there was one more service he could render to his feathered friends. With the replacement of horses by automobiles and trucks in the large cities, stables with their lofts of hay and straw have been largely replaced by garages, which yield no nest-building material. What little scraps were available to the birds on the streets were so dirty, the doctor decided that they were a menace to the health of young birds. At the Department of Health, he found that every day odds and ends of the best quality surgical cotton were being thrown into the discard. He promptly ordered all this to be saved, for the use of the birds, along with bits of linen and rope fibres to help in binding the nests. The fragments were blown into the air so that the birds could catch them before they fell to the ground among the germ-laden dirt. For the same reason, Dr. Caccini forbore giving them feathers which might contain harmful parasites.

Dr. Caccini believes that his nest-building help has been even more beneficial to the bird life of his neighborhood than his twice-daily distributions of food. Since he started scattering the cotton shreds eight years ago, the number of birds in the district has more than doubled. The pigeons are the only birds which do not appear to have made use of his building materials. The most enthusiastic beneficiaries have been the bold, enterprising and adaptable English sparrows.

A trained elephant works as a switch attendant where three important lines meet the main line of a lumber railroad company in India. Colored disks on the engines of company trains correspond to the colors on the switch for the tracks which each train is supposed to take. The elephant throws the levers accordingly, and without supervision.

Butter, Cheese and Chickadees

CONRAD O. PETERSON

OUR little winter friends, the chickadees, are real friends of the farmer. They just dote on butter and cheese. We found this out, my brother and I, as we sat by our camp-fire in our wood-lot, while eating our midday lunch.

These camp-fire lunches have always been made interesting by the appearance of the little feathered visitors. We knew from experience that they liked white bread, and that they did not care for dark cake. But the fact that they loved butter and cheese was a real surprise.

The birds have now become so accustomed to us that they show no fear whatever. As I absently held a cheese sandwich in my hand yesterday, a chickadee landed on my thumb and began pecking away at the sandwich—not at the bread, but at the cheese between the slices of bread. My brother experimented with the same result with his butter sandwich.

I scattered pieces of bread, butter and cheese on a near-by stump and saw the birds carry away the butter and cheese first. The chickadee eats only the smaller pieces at once. The larger pieces of food are carried away and stored for future use. These are usually placed in hollow places and openings in the bark of trees. Small as he is, the chickadee also looks to the future—when the blizzard will howl and food become scarce.

The Welcome Junco

WILLIS MEHANNA

GLAD as we always are to see the little, slate-colored junco, he has a sobering effect on us for we realize his appearance means the melancholy days are soon coming. But in any case his coming is a boon for him and for us. For him, because it means he will winter in a milder climate than that from which he came and where food is more abundant. For us, because he is good company and devours eggs of insects which he finds in the dead stalks of weeds and in the bark of trees.

To keep insects from destroying vegetation Nature has provided birds to fight them in winter as well as in summer. Contrary to what we might suppose, there are insects that live in the dead of winter seemingly without difficulty—some kinds of worms and many varieties of bugs. These the junco destroys. In so doing he is seen not only in the woods and near dwellings in the country but in the parks and backyards of big cities.

In appearance the junco with his retiring colors is, I think, a very beautiful bird. He matches the setting and background of the seasons he is with us. His throat and breast are a slate-color, more or less washed with grayish brown. Stomach white and sides grayish. Outer feathers of tail white while head is very dark. Juncos nest in Canada and the northern states. They build their nests in low bushes and on the ground. These contain four or five bluish white eggs with dark spots. Male and female are similarly colored.

Sport

JOY O'HARA

*Soft, in the dogwood depths,
A widow sings,
Happy—unknowing
Of life blood flowing,
A loved heart slowing.*

*What did the wild bird say
While falling?
"Oh, foolish son,
Put down your gun,
My song is done."*

*When, from her nest,
His anxious mate is calling,
And no reply
Comes from the sky,
What price this fun?*

*Oh, boys, find other tools
And better things
To try your skill,
Than ways to kill!
There's fields to till*

*And roads to build!
Oh, let bright wings
Soar overhead.
Too many dead
Already lie
In pools of red.*

A Simple Feeding Station

Any child can make a feeding-station for birds, by having a cocoanut sawed through the middle, and nailing the halves to the top of fence posts, a trellis or window ledge. Keep the hollow in the center of each half filled with crumbs, bits of suet, seedless raisins, and fine grains. The birds will in time eat out the cocoanut, leaving only the shell, but this can be used for years.

L. M. T.

"Wren" Day in Ireland

AMELIA GARVEY

ON the twenty-sixth of December of each year in the villages of Ireland, small boys and boys not so small dress up in any kind of masquerade costume they can find—mother's skirt and dad's flannel shirt do fine—and go around from door to door asking for money to "bury the wren." This last word is pronounced "ran" by them in their rich Irish brogue. They recite a sing-song rhyme as they go, something like this:

*"The wren, the wren is the King of All
Birds,
Oh, give me a penny to bury the wren."*

They also sing songs and dance an Irish jig in order to wheedle a few coppers from the farmers and their wives.

The origin of this quaint custom is lost but it is probable that it grew out of the tender-hearted Irish people's love for their dumb friends and their unwillingness to allow this smallest of the bird kingdom to remain unburied.

The title "King of All Birds" is supposed to have been given to the wren when, years and years ago, there was a contest among the birds to see which could fly the highest.

The thrush, robin, blackbird and all the others started at the given signal, each confident of being able to fly the highest and with dreams of being crowned "King of All Birds."

Soon, however, the lordly eagle far outdistanced his closest follower and was just about to be declared winner, when the little wren was seen to soar away up above him.

The trick was, of course, that the wren had just sat on the eagle's back all the way up and when that bird had flown as high as his strength would allow, the little wren, who had saved all his strength, made his own little flight above the eagle's, and won the contest.

This was how the wren came to be known as the "King of All Birds."



FATHER AND MOTHER SWAN AND THEIR FIVE TINY CYGNETS

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eight hundred and eighty-five new Bands of Mercy were organized during February. Of these, 263 were in Illinois, 261 in Rhode Island, 97 in Florida, 72 each in Georgia and Massachusetts, 48 in Pennsylvania, 32 in South Carolina, 25 in Virginia, eight in Texas, six in Tennessee and one in Indiana.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 238,517.

Night-Errant to the Rescue

C. M. B.

WHEN "Punch" came upstairs to our apartment one cold winter day, he brought with him a very timid and unhappy Persian princess. I must say, she was a sorry looking princess. Her dress was dirty and ragged, her hair matted with snarls, and, on lifting her, I found her pitifully thin and light. She couldn't speak a word of English, but Punch walked around from one to the other of us, and I knew that he was hinting, "Don't you think we'd better do something for this lady?"

I got some food and warm milk ready for her, and Punch sat near her and watched her drink like a starved creature. Meanwhile I was asking myself what was the next thing to be done. I hated to turn the princess out again, yet I couldn't offer her a home. I had adopted Punch when he was a mere baby, but I just couldn't adopt any one else. I put on a coat and ran down to the corner to consult a neighbor.

"Yes," she said, when I had described the Persian princess, "I've seen her; she's been dodging about alleys and sheds around here for a week or two, scared and cold, and living on anything she could find. I think she must have lived with some people who moved away lately, and maybe they just left her, in their hurry."

"What a shame!" I cried. "They don't deserve to have anyone like her stay with them a single day! Why, she'd be lovely enough for a palace with the right care. Don't you know of anyone who could take her?"

"Let me see!" mused my friend. "Wait! I'll call up someone who might."

I heard her describe the princess and tell her story over the phone; then she listened, and at last came back to me, smiling.

"My friend will be delighted to take her," she said. "Wants me to bring her out to her house this afternoon. No fear of neglect if the poor little thing gets into that home."

I went back, greatly pleased. The princess had been dozing in the warm room. I put on an apron, got things ready, and

went to work to clean her up. It wasn't very pleasant for her, and she cried a little before all the snarls were out, but she seemed to understand that it was for her good, and when, at last, all was done, how much better she felt! At noon she ate and drank again, and then followed me into the living-room.

I sat down on the little sofa with some sewing, and the princess curled up in a big armchair. Presently I looked up to see if she had gone to sleep. To my surprise, her head was up, and her beautiful eyes were wide open and gazing straight at me. There was surely some strong feeling behind that intent look, I thought. I watched her curiously. Suddenly she jumped down and ran across the room. Climbing upon the sofa beside me, she pressed herself against my side as closely as she could, and pushed her head up under my arm.

"Well!" I said, stroking that pretty little head, "for a lady who can't speak a word of my language you've said a very plain 'thank you.' You're just so glad to be clean and warm and fed that you *had* to say it somehow." And I went on talking to her in gentle tones, and petting her, and she leaned against me in perfect content until my neighbor came for her. Even then, though she didn't understand, she seemed to trust that whatever I'd planned for her was quite right, and she went quietly with her new friend.

Some weeks later I inquired about the princess.

"Is she happy in her new home?" I asked. "Do they like her?"

"Like her!" laughed my neighbor, "Like her! They adore her. She owns the place. She is tended and petted and humored by them all, and gets prettier and more charming every day."

I was glad to hear that the princess had come into her own. I don't believe in spoiling children, but it seems to be the proper thing for Persian kittens.

And my short-haired yellow, amber-eyed Punch had acted a truly chivalrous part,—don't you think so?



A RURAL SCENE IN NORWAY

Fun with Animals

ANTONIA J. STEMPLER

AS is well known, the scenery of Norway is sublime and very often breathlessly spectacular. But its attractions are not confined to the scenery, remarkable though that is, for the rural districts of the country are rich in unconventional human interest. Norway has few large cities. It is made up mostly of small towns and tiny villages where life is very simple, old customs still prevail, and amusements and diversions are limited.

In an out-of-the-way Norwegian farming community a scene like that shown in the picture is not surprising. It depicts the friendship which exists between the farmer's daughter and the domestic animals. Goats are very important economically in Norway, furnishing milk and cheese as well as meat. They grow to a huge size, are very hardy and are found in large or small numbers on every farmstead. The girl and the goats seem to understand each other very well as the big fellow receives a special tid-bit at her hands.

The goat gives a proportionately larger quantity of milk than does the cow, considering its size and the amount of food it requires, says *Fact Digest*. But for large-scale production of milk, as required for the vast centers of population of today, the goat must be conceded to be inferior to the cow. The milk of goats is extremely rich and nutritious. It is in cases recommended for sickly infants and persons suffering from tuberculosis, since it is more easily digested than cow's milk. In many parts of Europe it is popular in the making of cheeses.

The twenty-fifth annual Be Kind to Animals Week, will be celebrated from April 17 to 22, with Humane Sunday, April 23. Every teacher is reminded that Humane Day in Schools should be observed on Friday, April 21, or the nearest convenient date.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Spring Cricket

FRANCES RODMAN

*He put away his tiny pipe
Last autumn, when the gale was chill;
And now in rusty coat and brown
He tries his strength upon the hill.*

*With fiddle tucked beneath a wing
He staggers over stubbled ground;
He climbs upon a sunny stone,
Shakes winter off, and looks around.*

*He polishes his dingy coat
And scrapes a valiant tune and high
To tell his tiny universe
That April's due to saunter by.*

Strange Bedfellows

GERTRUDE RATHBUN

ONE of my friends, who is exceedingly fond of animals, numbers on her long roll of pets one little guinea pig. This animal disappears for about two months every summer, returning to his shed in early autumn.

Last year October passed and he did not appear. His mistress was mildly concerned, but when freezing weather came in late November she gave him up in despair, feeling sure that some misfortune had overtaken him.

Meanwhile a mother cat and five kittens, looking about for a comfortable home, found the guinea pig's shed and moved in for the winter.

One morning the head of the house carried the feline family a basin of milk. It was early and she found them sleeping, and in the midst of the furry mass, snugly curled up, lay her fat little guinea pig.

He continues to share the bed with his new friends, but refuses to eat with them, insisting on a basin of his own.

He brought no excuse for his tardiness, and no map of his wanderings.

What Animals Are These?

ALFRED I. TOOKE

WHAT animals did you see on your travels, Uncle Tony?" Jim asked.

"Many different kinds," was the reply, "and a fine time we had hunting some of them so that we could get photos. Give me that pencil and we'll see if you are a good hunter." Uncle Tony wrote for a few minutes, then handed Jim the paper. "There you are, young fellow. I've just jumbled up the letters in each name. Now see how quickly you can hunt out the real names!"

Here is the list he gave Jim. And here's a tip for you. The last letter in each real name is the letter S.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. MARRIED DOES | 6. HEN PLEATS |
| 2. CHAIN CHILLS | 7. STOLEN APE |
| 3. SEA STORMS | 8. SOUP PRINCE |
| 4. CHORE IRONS | 9. MAZE PINCHES |
| 5. HUMP NICKS | 10. LEMONS EACH |



"Petie," the Mocker

ANN ROE ANDERSON

IT was after dark one evening when the continued cheeping of a young bird caused us to investigate. On an upstairs roofless porch we found a young mocking-bird. The astonishing thing about this was that our cat sat within a foot of the fledgling, watching curiously, but making no move to hurt it.

How the bird came to be there, we do not know. A few times that cat has brought birds into the house without injuring them in the least. The little mocker may have fallen from a nest in a near-by pepper tree, and the cat may have found it and brought it to the porch. Or, in falling from the nest, its fluttering flight may have landed it on the porch, and the cat was attracted by its cheeping.

We fed it prepared food for wild birds, hard-boiled egg yolk, and bread and milk until it was old enough to forage for itself. Petie was a most interesting pet. Learning quickly where his food came from, he would hop swiftly across the floor to us, wings spread, mouth stretched to capacity, cheeping lustily whenever we entered the room where he was housed among eucalyptus boughs.

Baby Squirrels

VELA EDWARDS

*I'm spell-bound with the pleasure
That thrills me through and through,—
Four bright-eyed baby squirrels
Just passed within my view.*

*With golden little brush tails
Held proudly to the sky
And grace in each swift movement,
The furry balls passed by.*

*The woodland shelters many
Delightful folks, I know,
But Mrs. Squirrel's babies
Will always steal the show.*



The Cat on a Postage Stamp

ONLY once has the picture of a domestic cat appeared upon a postage stamp, writes W. Henry Boller in *The Ambassador*. This was upon a Spanish stamp issued in 1930, in honor of America's famous aviator, Charles A. Lindbergh. This cat picture really perpetuates a peculiar error. When Lindbergh flew the Atlantic in 1927, it was rumored that he had taken with him a small black kitten as mascot. Of course no kitten accompanied the famous flier on his flight, but upon the postage stamp the mythical black kitten occupies a portion of the design, together with the Statue of Liberty, the Spirit of St. Louis, and a portrait of the famous aviator himself.

Bangor Humane Society

The Bangor (Maine) Humane Society had a very busy year in 1938, according to the report of Miss Gladys F. Taggett, secretary and director of humane education. A story contest in the schools and radio broadcasts during Be Kind to Animals Week and at Christmas were outstanding activities. Nearly 2,000 investigations were made by the Society's agent who humanely put to sleep 14 horses, 33 dogs, 51 birds and 1,211 cats. Homes were found for 185 dogs, 83 cats and four rabbits.

We Hope it is Not True

According to a late report, some sort of bull-fight is being planned for the New York World's Fair. We cannot believe any such relic of barbarism will be permitted. The New York State laws would not allow any unnecessary suffering to be inflicted on an animal even if no blood were drawn.

Join the Jack London Club and add your protest to thousands of others against such cruelty as has been proved in the filming of "Jesse James," when one horse was killed and another was in danger of a similar fate.

Cattle Crossing

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

THE United States imports several hundred head of dairy cattle each year, chiefly from the Channel Islands. Most of us have heard the term "cattle boat," and have wondered whether cattle on ship-board were well cared for and comfortable. I found the answer by accompanying a shipment from the Island of Jersey all the way to New York City, and was greatly impressed by the fact that every animal arrived at the end of the journey in the best of condition.

When cattle are loaded on the ship each is walked into a large slatted box. The front and back ends are closed and a crane lifts the box and contents gently from the wharf and lowers it so carefully into the hold that the animal hardly knows that it has been moved. It is then led to an individual stall, well bedded in clean straw.

There are partitions between the stalls, to prevent the possibility of the animals injuring each other in rough weather. Each stall is large enough to permit its occupant to move about freely and to lie down comfortably. A rope from the halter to a bar keeps them all headed in the same direction, crosswise to the boat, which makes the journey easier.

Early each morning attendants give them fresh cool water, hay and grain, and add new clean straw. At noon, and again at night they are fed and watered, and given still more hay just before the attendant retires to his well-earned slumbers. Mangelwurzel furnish an occasional change in diet and act as a gentle laxative.

The cattle are blanketed during the voyage, to avoid chills, for by means of ingeniously-constructed "wind-tunnels" a current of fresh air is kept circulating constantly through the hold. The coats are brushed daily, and even the tails are washed each morning with soap and warm water. Cows giving milk are milked regularly.

When the regular attendants retire at night, one man comes down into the hold whose duty it is to stay up all night, readjusting a blanket which has slipped, watching every animal to see that it is well and comfortable, adjusting the wind-tunnel to provide good ventilation but in such manner as to avoid draughts.

At the end of the ten-day crossing, the animals are lifted carefully from the hold and set on the dock, where they start off on their next journey, to the U. S. Quarantine Station, with the greatest unconcern.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

FEATHERS AND FUR ON THE TURN-PIKE, James R. Simmons

A study of wild life casualties on the highway, which constitutes Part I of this authoritative volume, reveals some astounding facts in relation to bird and animal mortality.

After a ten-year investigation of the wild life destruction by automobiles in New York State on two selected strips of improved road, the author makes the following startling conclusion: "If these road strips represent a fair average for the country as a whole, no less than 16,000 specimens per day, or 6,000,000 per year, are killed by automobiles in the United States, without counting the injured that die at some distance from the scene of accident or that are picked up by their natural enemies." What can and should be done to lessen this enormous slaughter is told in an important chapter. Good posters, printed signs and warnings as well as educational campaigns are among the ways that are suggested.

In Part II, which is termed "a study of the present trends in wild life conservation," the writer discusses a wide range of subjects. He observes that consideration of wild life salvaging may even rebound to the greater interest in saving human life.

Automobile drivers and the fast traveling, callous public should be apprised of the great destruction of wild life, which goes on with ever-increasing magnitude.

148 pp. \$1.75. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston.

Total area of our National Forests is reported to be 22,728,025 acres; total area under national administration, 175,238,168 acres.

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

